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NEWSLETTER

ROBERT F. WILLIAMS, PUBLISHER —IN EXILE—

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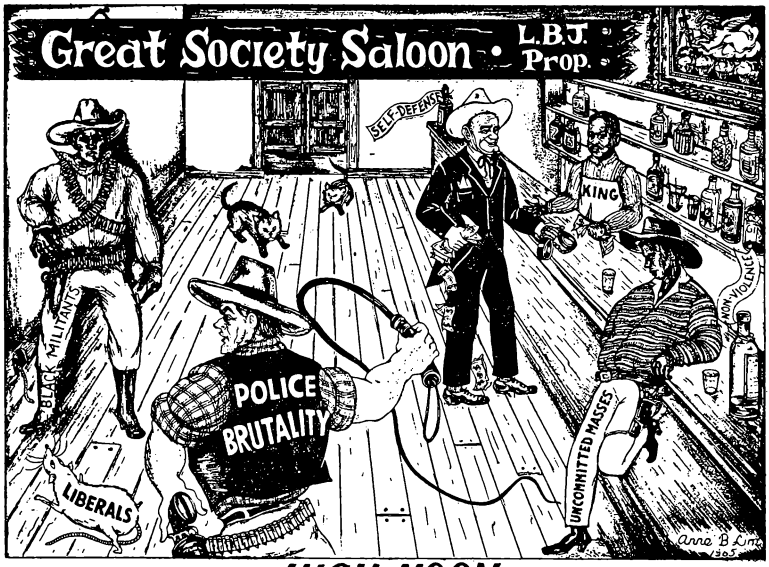
ONE MINUTE TO ZERO

I survey the American scene from exile. Time is running out. It is one minute to zero. In retrospect, as far back as 1957, Almost alone I raised my voice in warning to racist America from the turmoil of the southland. I stood amidst the hatred and violence



HIGH NOON

of southern racism and beseeched the U.S. Government to render relief and protection to its wretchedly oppressed and dehumanized black humanity. As an official of the rather conservative and legalistic National Association for the Advancement of Colored People,

I dispatched wire after wire to the Justice Department and the president. Most were ignored. The occasional stock response was always the same. I was complaining about public charity and dole being administered on a racial basis. I was complaining about discrimination in employment. I was complaining of the racist land grab and political fragmentation, cloaked in the sinister disguise of Urban Renewal. I was complaining about police brutality. I was complaining about the sinister alliance between the police and the Ku Klux Klan, about the fact that police cars were being used in Klan motorcades and that the local police station was being used by a Klan recruiter, named Hornbeck, to swell the ranks of the secret terrorist group. Yes, and I was complaining to the U. S. Justice Department about the fascist axis between the Ku Klux Klan, the local police, the state police and the FBI. The response was invariably the same: "We have no jurisdiction... It is a local matter," or "...We can find no violation of the 14th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution..."

Subsequently, as the power structure washed its hands of the matter, the white supremacy press stepped in for the coup de grace. The press even went so far as to state that no Klan had been active in the area since the days of the depression. Despite the fact that the Afro-American community was being raided and shot up by mile long motorcades of Klansmen led by the police, despite the fact that the terrorist group had constructed a Klan club house called the Sportsmen's Club just 10 miles from the heart of the city, despite the fact that they were having open air rallies attended by thousands of racists from all over the south who burned crosses and terrorized and flogged black citizens, the press cynically and mockingly insisted that it all was a figment of my, what the semiilliterate chief of police had diagnosed, as schizophrenic mind. No. No one wanted to believe that J. Edgar Hoover's "impeccable" FBI was working hand in glove with the local Klan terrorists. No, no one wanted to believe that the Minute Men. The Confederate Underground, The National States Rights Party and other fascist terrorist groups were arming to exterminate Afro-Americans, Jews, progressives and non-conformists in "democratic America". With their heads buried in the sands of naiveté, they preferred to believe that I was suffering from hallucinations.

Fabian white liberals, including the white supremacy opportunistic left, found themselves more in league and sympathy with the racist FBI than with the black victims of the invisible empire of white terrorists. At that early date, when hope for peaceful token integration prevailed, the so-called responsible element of the civil rights movement castigated our branch of the NAACP for accusing the FBI and dispairing of the fact that the Afro-American had no protection of law forthcoming from racist Washington.

As a matter of lost faith in the U.S. Goverment and expediency, in the face of massive terror, I called for armed self-defense. My superiors in the NAACP became hysterical with rage. I was suspended for 6 months for advocating a policy of self-defense. This so-called colored group, with white leadership, detested the very idea of black men bearing arms to protect their homes, their women and their children. I warned the NAACP and the power structure that the black man could not be counted on to forever turn the other cheek in the face of unmitigated terror and violence.

In the absence of police protection and in the face of savage racist brutality, our community armed. We organized the first militia of defense to be used in support of Civil Rights activity. We created a defense perimeter, dug trenches, fox holes, and equipped an army of men with steel helmets, gas masks, and military weapons. Our communications system, though somewhat primative, was more efficient than that of the police. In a matter of minutes we could mobilize a company of men who were ready and willing to fight. We recruited domestics who served as observers in the homes of officials.

In the summer of 1957 we fought an engagement with Klan invaders of our community and decimated its capacity for terror. All but a few publications maintained a complete blackout of this feat. We defended ourselves effectively for six years. We had less violence on our picket lines than anyplace else in the South.

Our defense force was broken only after we formed a coalition with pacifists who publicized the fact that they were committed to love and non-violence. This announcement emboldened the racist terrorists, brought confusion to our ranks and underminded our position of self-defense. In the last hours of a week of racist terror we turned to self-defense. State troopers were sent to reinforce the racist forces. We deliberately fought only a token fight. All the federal, state, local and Klan power was directed toward my capture and the destruction of our movement. The guard fought a delaying action to cover my escape. The escape was successful.

The federal forces, state, local and mass media mounted a massive campaign to portray me as a dangerous criminal. The same U.S. Government, that declared itself to be impotent when I appealed for protection under the 14th Amendment, the same U.S. Government that refused to indict the Chief of Police A. A. Mauney for violation of the U.S. Constitution, joined hands with him to brand me a criminal and to return me to a waiting lynch mob of 5000 screaming savage whites. The FBI came into the case full force on a trumped up kidnap charge. I had actually saved a racist Klan couple from a justifiably angry crowd of Afro-Americans. The officials insisted that the couple, who had earlier thanked me for saving their lives, indict me for kidnapping them. There is a moral in this for Afro-Americans to heed. The explicit lesson is that when we extend our generosity to the point of saving the lives of white supremacists, we do so at the peril of our own. Racist whites are not easily appreciative of generosity extended them from hated blacks. Afro-Americans must remember that the racist ofay lives they put themselves out to save may be the false witnesses who will set the stage for their own lynchings. The racist couple whom I saved now live to persecute, hate, dehumanize and agitate against the freedom of other Afro-Americans.

Because of the massive propaganda, on the part of the racist forces, many unwitting persons have been led to believe that I am actually in exile because I committed some crime. The fact of the matter is that no crime was ever committed and no kidnapping ever took place. But the press has all but omitted the fact that when I was forced into exile, I was under conviction of a prison sentence for sitting on a lunch counter stool reserved for white people only in the "free world" of so-called American democracy.

Because I was born black in racist America and because I utilized my Marine Corps training to oppose racial tyranny, I am branded

an "extremely dangerous" criminal by the government and Klan forces that propose to introduce their farcical concept of democracy to Latin America, Asia and Africa. Yes, today I survey the American scene from forced exile. Long ago, I warned racist America that violence was to come unless brutal oppression and terror against our people were abolished. I appealed to Washington to extend the U.S. Constitution to all her citizens. For my effort, the power structure responded with a call for my death. Four attempts were made on my life, two of these in the presence of and aided and abetted by the same police officials who enlisted Washington in an international man hunt for me.

Yes, from my exile, a vantage point, I see the matamorphosis of protest into revolution in racist America. I am proud to have stood with the first brave men of our race who demanded equality and justice and who dared bear arms in conjunction with protest action. I stood with the first brave men of our race who demanded more than the right to sit on a stool or bourgeois integration. We were the first of "The Movement" to advocate a change of the racist structure of the society and to demand human and economic rights that would abolish the misery of ghetto living. We were the first of "The Movement" to admonish black men to defend their women, children, homes and communities. We organized the first defense arms of "The Movement" and our rifle unit. The Union County Rifle Club, was a chartered affiliate of The National Rifle Association. Yes, we were the first of "The Movement" to raise the cry "meet violence with violence".

Our demands were tenfold. They were revolutionary. This is why we were the targets of the most vicious campaign of vilification, legal and economic persecution and pusillanimous police harrassment. We were the first freedom fighters to agitate among the masses for an alliance with the liberation forces of Latin America, Asia and Africa. We were the first to stress psychological warfare on an international scale in conjunction with our domestic human rights fight and armed self-defense. We are elated to see the policy we advocated so long ago currently being implemented and expanded on such a broad scale. We feel that our sacrifices have not been in vain. We feel that our position is being vindicated. We feel also that the experiences of our errors are invaluable.

From exile I see the black ghettoes stirring. A terrifying storm gathers. I can hear the roll of the menacing thunder. I am not alone. I am not just with our little rag tag army of armed freedom fighters in the forsaken ghetto of Monroe, North Carolina. The coalition of klansmen, brute cops, state troopers and FBI men is no longer terrifying with its appearance of invincibility. We are no longer isolated by a racist provincial press. We are no longer the harried step children of a pacifist dominated civil rights movement. We are no longer labeled fanatical fools of violence unable to inflict damage on anyone but ourselves. Yes, now we have many friends and powerful friends throughout the world. We are an accepted part of the universal liberation movement. And at last our people are beginning to meet tyranical violence with righteous violence on a massive scale.

From exile, I see our pitiful and dehumanized people raising their heads in pride and defiance. I see them casting off the yoke of Uncle Tom Gandhism, peddled by Judas mercenaries and sexually perverted masochists. I see the racist white power structure decep-

tively offering one concession after another in a vain effort to stave off the inevitable. After an aeon of abuse and neglect and after being forced to fight for everybody's rights but their own, our people are beginning to understand who the real enemy is. Our people are beginning to understand that the only enemy the Afro-American has is an enemy that we have in common with the freedom fighters throughout the world. With this thought in mind, we must redouble our efforts to educate our people to understand the true nature of the enemy. We must stress militant organization and unity. We must encourage them to reject the ofay appointed Uncle Tom leaders. We must encourage them to rid the ghetto of the nonviolent workshops and those "good nigras" and paternal ofay slickers who are defending the power structure in a sly and underhanded way by prolonging the status quo and the misery of our people.

From exile I see our people arming for survival and defense against the fascist forces of terror and genocide, and the ofay terrorists are beginning to face a righteous and justified violence. The very foundation of the nation is beginning to vibrate. The evil racist vultures who plotted my death and triggered my subsequent exile are not feasting from the fruits of victory, but are flinching from the stringent taste of a bitter fruit ever multiplying. They hated me for warning them. Now they tremble from the thought of their delinquency. They rejected integration, now they must face the disintegration that follows inevitably in the wake of the intransigence of sustained terror. They declined their sacred duty of dispensing equal justice before the law and now they must face the thunder of the wretchedly oppressed whose only recourse is the natural law of survival.

Yes, from exile, I survey the American scene. The terrorist is becoming terrorized. The hunter is becoming hunted. The cry of revolution echoes in the streets. The brutal thug cops are beginning to learn that unmitigated brutality breeds revolutionary violence. Sparks are flying from America's tender box. Her delicate circuit is becoming overloaded. The power structure desperately seeks a solution. It hopes for what it has already contemptuously rejected. Yes, things have changed since we raised our feeble fists in the ghetto of Monroe. My pulse beat quickens at the sound of thunder. I look homeward. What joy! What anticipation! The threads of prophesy unravel. Judgment looms on the horizon. It is one minute to zero.

THE EQUAL RIGHT OF WITHHOLDING CONVICTION

The black man in racist America has no legal or human right that the white man is bound to respect. White nationalism is a dominant factor in any court where the rights of blacks and whites clash. It is an exception to the rule whenever a black is rendered justice without respect to race when he comes before the white man's bar. A strong sense of white nationalism makes white court officials feel duty bound to honor the traditional concept of severe judgment for blacks who run afoul of the status quo. White jurors will hold out for their people until hell freezes over. Contrary to this white nationalist practice "good nigras" feel that they are duty bound to either follow the lead of the white majority or to bend over backwards to be fair and impartial. These dupes and confused moralists are ignorant of the fact that there is no fairness

in these kangaroo courts. They are nothing more than rigged legal whipping posts as far as our people are concerned.

Our people must be brought to realize that it is our sacred duty to save our people from rigged racist convictions. Black nationalism must become as dominant a factor in jury decisions as is white nationalism. The Holy Bible commands us not to take our brothers to the courts because there is no justice there. It is pure sacrilege for our people to sit on a kangaroo jury and condemn our underprivileged people who are hauled before unjust white nationalist kangaroo courts. We have even more cause to withhold convictions on behalf of our oppressed people than they have to rig it in favor of their white supremacy society. A campaign must be mounted among our people stressing the equal right of withholding conviction. This is the only thing that will create an atmosphere of fair play in racist courtrooms. Let us force them to render justice without respect to race, or unconstitutionally bar our people from jury duty. Let black nationalism permeate our people to the extent that before we convict our own kind in the white man's racist, unjust courts, the jury will be deadlocked until hell freezes over.

DISTRESS CALL TO AFRICA

When the world hears the cry UHURU, the instant image is that of downtrodden black men challenging the status quo of brutal oppression and exploitation as established by imperialist white men. UHURU has become synonymous with battle cry. It is a battle cry against white exploitation and oppression and black Tshombeism and betrayal. It is an electrifying word, almost a universal anthem of the great fraternity of those who labor and struggle for freedom. Yes, and of those who love human dignity and their fellow man.

In the same noble spirit as our blood brothers in Africa, the Afro-American in racist America raises the cry of FREEDOM. Our cry, too, challenges the racist, imperialist white man. We angrily demand that the insensate oppressor let our people go. Our battle cry is against white exploitation and oppression, black bourgeoisieism and betrayal. We call to our African brothers. Our cry is UHURU. Our cry is a cry of distress. Our people, your black brothers, are being brutally shot down in the streets of racist America the same as in racist South Africa, Angola and Rhodesia. Our black people in racist America are the innocent victims of race hate. We are hated because we are black. We are denied the right to live as human beings because we are black. We have no rights that the racist white man is legally bound to respect simply because we are black. Yes, simply because we have the same blood as yours. There is no other reason. A person of Irish, German, French Polish, English or Russian extraction is not abused, hated and discriminated against in racist America the way our people are. His white skin qualifies him to be accepted as a member of the master race. To some extent, persons of Jewish extraction are discriminated against, however, if they conceal their religious and cultural heritage, their skin pigmentation will allow them also to identify with the master race. The American of notable African extraction is the only homo sapien condemned forever to an unjust caste system. Yes, because of our African blood, we are denied the respect accorded other human beings in the racist U.S.A.

Legally, no matter what one's complexion is in the U.S.A., one drop of African blood makes him black, a Negro, and a Negro is

treated as an inferior being. Hitler's racist novices were disciples of the American virtuosos of racism.

The African-American's cry of UHURU is a brother's cry for equality, brotherhood, human dignity and justice. The racist American who hates black Americans, hates them because of their African blood. How is it possible for a racist American to hate an African at home and love him abroad? How is it possible for the racist U.S. Government to refuse black people police protection at home and so generously offer armed protection in Africa? The racist U.S. Government hates black people, and the African in Africa is no exception. Yes, we have our judas flag pole climbers who serve as hired monkeys for the oppressors and dehumanizers of our people. We classify these the same as you classify Tshombe.

Brothers of Africa, we are alarmed and we call out in distress because some of you are in danger of being duped by Yankee's skill in hypocrisy. Yankee's pretended love and humanitarianism towards Africa is no more than carefully contrived bait designed to add the continent of Africa to racist America's stockyard of bondage. For our brothers in Africa to exchange European colonialism for American colonialism is to jump out of the frying pan into the fire. Racist America's brutal control and exploitation of Latin America should be enough example for the people of Africa. U.S. imperialism is a racist imperialism. It is even more brutal that European imperialism. Once it is established, it is harder to get rid of. Racist America's arrogance exceeds that of Nazi Germany.

African leaders, who survived long periods of house arrest under the British and French colonialists, would do well to remember that there is no such thing as house arrest in fascist America. The motto of the U.S. power structure is "Kill a nigger, buy another one". Ngo Dinh Diem is a graphic example. The only confinement to quarters for a black leader under the jurisdiction of racist America is when he is committed to the cemetery. If U.S. imperialism had controlled Africa instead of European imperialism, most of the famous leaders on the continent today would have already been martyrs in the cause of African liberation like Afro-American leaders, Brother Malcolm X, Medgar Evers and countless others. No imperialism is good, but some of the worse is that which is fostered by racist America. We call in distress to our black brothers of Africa. If you want to know the true nature of U.S. racism and imperialism, and the future it holds in store for you, hear our poignant moans as we wearily drag our heavy chains. Look at the welts on our bloody backs and know that you witness the true nature of U.S. democracy for black people in the so-called free world. Hear our cry of UHURU. Do you want to be exterminated and imprisoned on your own land like the American Indians? Do you want to be lynched, raped, bombed, flogged, starved, dehumanized, discriminated against, imprisoned for being black, and emasculated like us? A common street dog has more rights in racist America than a so called "Negro". Is this what you call progress?

Beware the pious sounding hypocritical Yankee, who comes bearing chains disguised as philanthropical alms. There is a latent danger lurking in the wake of Peace Corps, U.S. Information Services and Military assistance and bases.

Is it logically possible to reject the philosophy of racist South Africa and accept the same philosophy of racist America? How is it logically possible to reject the Judas and Uncle Tom philosophy

of Tshombe and accept the Uncle Tom philosophy of the Afro-American Tshombies serving the racist U.S. State Department? Whereever the American flag flies, there you will find racism. It is the symbol of racism and the shield of the C.I.A. The C.I.A. is out to subvert all independent governments. Yes, we call to you in distress, our African brothers, let us sound a common cry of UHURU in the face of the racist, imperialist neo-colonialist Yankee.

PEACE AND FREEDOM NOW

A nation has a lot of gall to dehumanize and oppress men, then arm and order them to go kill foreigners who oppose racism and sympathize with them as brothers. The gun sights of Afro-American soldiers are aimed at the wrong people. Opposition to the terrorist Ku Klux Klan type war in Vietnam is a part of the universal human rights struggle. To oppose the war in Vietnam is to oppose racism, terror and violence against innocent and defenseless women and children. Let Afro-Americans take to the streets and join the march on Washington for peace in Vietnam. Join the fight for PEACE AND FREEDOM NOW.

CIA: AND THEN THERE CAME LYNDON X

Few Americans have given any significance to the fact that Mr. Johnson has supplemented the intelligence work of the CIA with special police from the FBI. However, intelligence sources of RAM indicate that the CIA is furious, humiliated and considering the possibility of making Mr. Johnson, Lyndon X, trailing John X. Mr. Johnson realizes that he can no longer place utmost confidence in the scoundrels of the CIA. The FBI is really being detailed to investigate the secret and subversive activities of the ultra-rightist and ruthless CIA. The resources of the CIA are unlimited, yet the president finds it necessary to establish his own intelligence service. The FBI is no more reliable. In Boston and other communities, the CIA has already started setting the stage for Lyndon X by distributing faked literature calling for his assassination on the basis of his Vietnam policy. The "bomb plot", the massive build up in the rightist news media of nationalist "terrorist" groups and the attempted linking of radical groups with a so called "international conspiracy" are a stairway to assassination. Nationalist groups have been infiltrated by CIA and FBI agents provocateurs. Radicals must be extremely cautious to avoid becoming successors to Lee Harvey Oswald. Beware planted phoney radicals who propose outlandish schemes designed to prearrange guilt and to create an airtight cover for the CIA's phase out of Lyndon B.

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